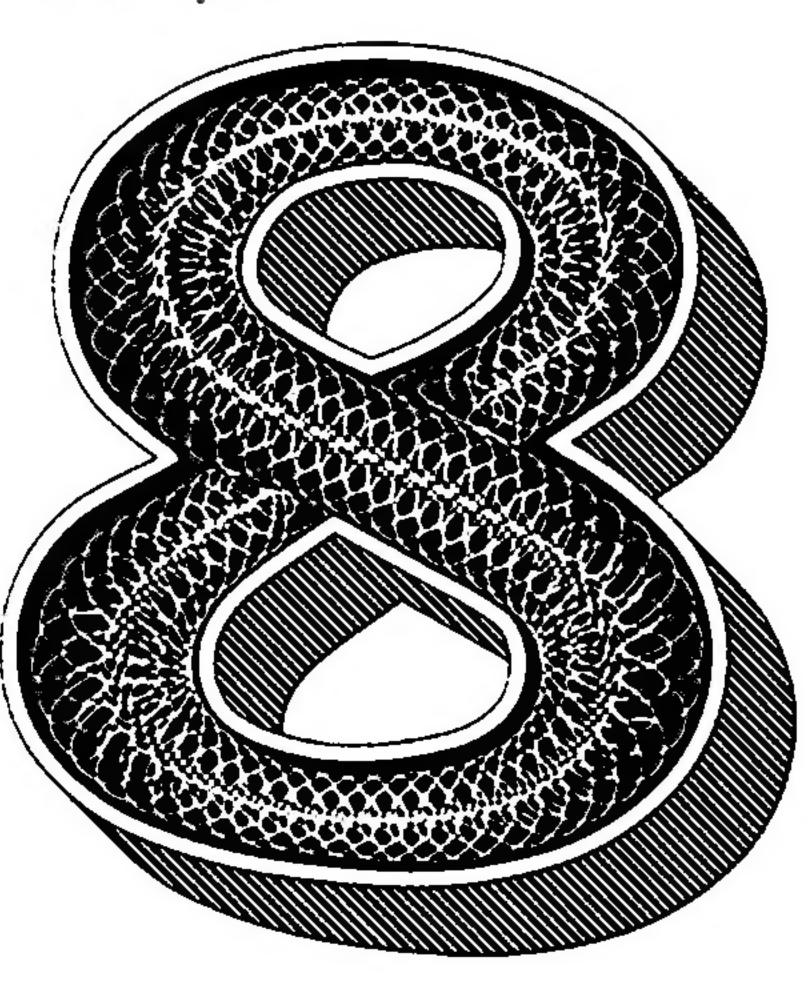
POTHING 13 REAL EXCEPT POTHING 14 REAL EXCEPT POTHING 15 REAL EXCEPT POTHIN

Previously New Organs If We But Cultivate Their Need write to: Mothers News c/o Rhododendron Festival PO Box 29081 Providence RI 02909
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"Truth and oyle are ever above."

MIDNIGHT DARK

First off, if you have the opportunity to sleep through the day and be awake at night, in August, do that, because let's be frank, August is a pit. I think it's fair to say that without resorting to complaining, we're all "over" being hot and sweaty, and we are all also sufficiently "whatever" in re: a sunny day. So take extra vitamin D, and take advantage of a cool night with potentially no one around. Get some work done, or ride your bike around, or read some books, but don't feel bad about it and above all don't worry- pretty soon it'll be fall, and then winter, and then late winter, and it'll be impossible to even imagine wearing just a t-shirt outside at night. In winter you may pause to reflect how there was a time (August) when you hated the sun (a little), and that will seem psychotic to then-you, but to whom do your allegiances lie? or more to the point, whose whims define your outfit? A: the now you!



August is the eighth month, and traditionally eight is a number of completion or totality. Eight is the smallest cube number (after 1) and the maximum number of electrons in a valence shell. Buddhists practice an eightfold path, there are eight trigrams in the I Ching, eight levels of human consciousness, and eight pages of this newspaper. The stop sign has eight sides to imply lethal authority; the same mechanism transforms thirteen from simple spookiness to malevolent promise in the Misfits' "We Are 138". Moreover eight sound like the past tense of "eat". So maybe the lesson of Augustian semisuckiness from a numerological standpoint is that sometimes the last step on path... kind of sucks? Or it doesn't matter? Or the path was fun but then you got there and the food was bad? Not like this is always the way it always happens, but at least sometimes this is the way it always happens anyway.

HOLIOAYS IN AUGUST

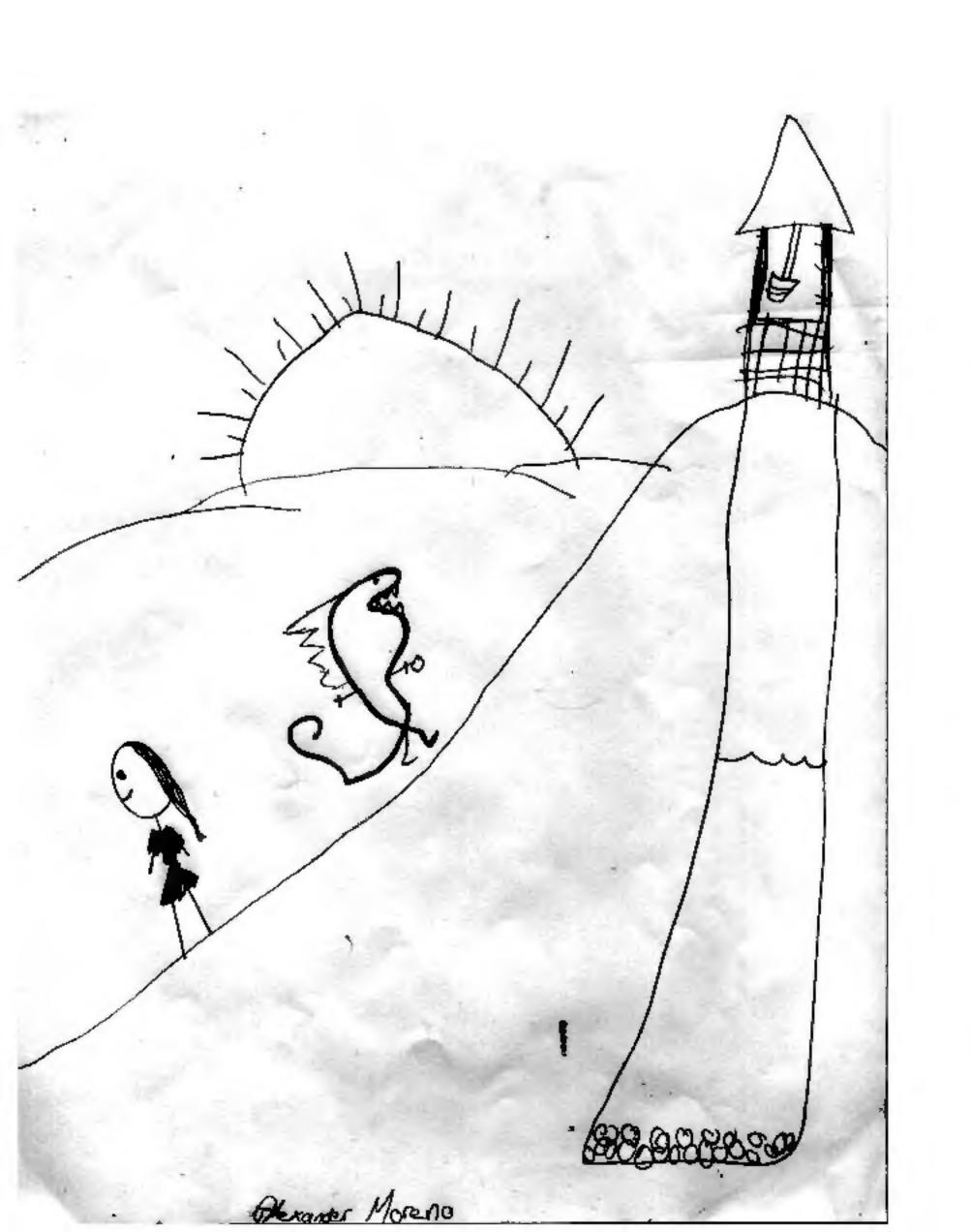
Usually there are no real holidays in August, and everyone takes this as their cue to just fuck off 99% of the time. This year, Ramadan happens in August (starting on the 1st), and that's major, but the only regular holidays to *always* appear in August are stupid ones like Left-Handers day (August 13th) and Simcoe Day (August 1st, in Toronto ONLY). Lots of terrible battles happened in August, not the least of which were Nagasaki and Hiroshima, which I'm labeling battles strictly in the spirit of outrage. Oddly enough, August is also Win With Civility month. :(

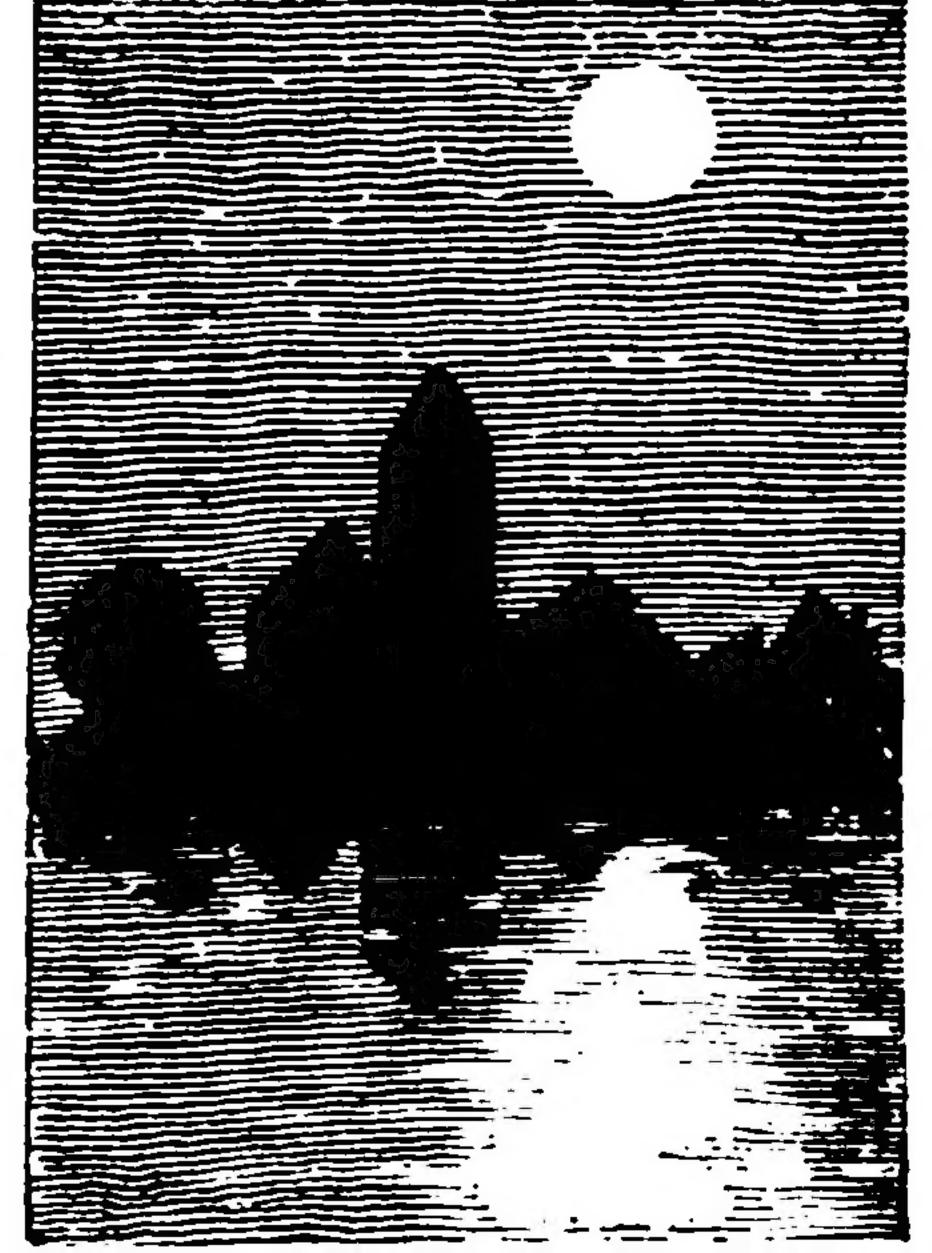
Some of you out there are preparing to go back to school at the end of August, I don't know what to say except try to be like the kind of spear that is made stronger in the fire, and not like the kind that is dulled by ongoing grinding against a surface.

RAMADAN

Ramadan is the Islamic month of daily fast, in which you don't eat between sun up and sun down, and then you have a cool party and eat dates and fresh fruit, and hang out in the street, and make sure everyone has enough to eat, especially people that are 365 hungry. It's sort of like Lent, except that it happens completely every night of the season, and all food is temporarily classified "RED MEAT", and it doesn't (necessarily) end with getting chocolate eggs from a murderous pastel rabbit. The word "Ramadan" comes from the Arabic root "rmd", which refers to intense heat. So even though the Islamic calendar is shorter than the Julian calendar by 11 days, and consequently Ramadan appears 11 days earlier each following year, it's reasonable to assume that this month, August 2011, Ramadan is really on point, like "tradish". As we said earlier, it's a perfect time to be not doing a lot of stuff during the day, and then hanging out in the street come evening time. Ramadan also has a prohibition on fighting, that's pretty reasonable, and also allows you the premise "Oooh, if it wasn't Ramadan I'd really clean your clock!". For the next three years Ramadan is going to match up perfectly with the desired weather, so make the most of it. After that it'll be 34 years until another perfect August Ramadan! This year Ramadan runs from the 1st the 29th like a dream. NB: The elderly and chronically ill are exempt from fasting, though they have to extra feed the poor (after sundown) as recompense to the universe. Similarly travelers are temporarily exempt, but must make up the fasting at a later date, except for travelers who go more than 14 miles a day, who are completely exempt, giving spiritual heft to the concept that a #change is as good as a #rest.

Again, even if you're not Muslim, I strongly recommend doing as little as you can get away with during the day this month. If you can benefit spiritually from this, all the better. And again, travelers are exempt.







SCENE REPORT

The Rustic Drive-In by Kate Schapira

The best show at the Rustic Drive-In in Smithfield (unless Snakes on a Plane is playing and someone in your car has a rubber snake) is before the movie. People come an hour or more before dark to get spots and settle in. Favorite methods include making a nest with blankets in the back of the station wagon and ranging lawn chairs in front of the minivan. Couples in plenty, but more often families and/ or batches of friends; groups with many small-to-medium kids and more than two adults are pretty common and also dynamically great, with lots of chasing around the car, jockeying for spots, and kids appealing to adults for justice. Shoulder rides are not unheard of. Pre-movie, couples often wrestle and scuffle, or at least make extravagant and improbable threats, but I've never seen any real meanness. By movie time, all the members of a given group will either be in or out, but in this late afternoon and twilight stage it may be divided, with some ensconced in the car and some orbiting. The Rustic has three screens in a roughly equilateral triangle on a big steep slope, and before the movie the whole central area is just a big almost-empty parking lot, pot-holey, gravelly and grassy in spots. Dads and kids bring balls—and gloves!—to play catch and soccer (probably moms do this too, but I have only ever seen dads in this role at the Rustic) and if you're watching Screen 1 in particular, there's always the thrilling/terrifying chance that your ball might go over the fence at the side or bottom. The woods at the side press right up. There are letters from an old light-up sign tucked between Screen 1 and the fence, but you can't tell what they spelled. On a recent trip I saw Rustic employees in orange shirts (blue is for the snack bar) patching up a hole in the side fence, presumably to make sure that no little scamps could take turns pressing their eyes up to it and thus watch the show for free. Once I saw a kid go down to the bottom of the screen and there do the dance of his wildest dreams on the biggest stage.

Human sounds mix with bird sounds—and are often lost in the size of the arena—until the humans outnumber the birds. Because of the angle of the hill, the drive-in slope is in shadow (but not actually dark) while the trees across the street are still in sunlight. This can make you a little impatient, in a satisfying way. It smells like trees exhaling, like snack grease, and sometimes like other moviegoers' perfume, cigarettes or car air freshener—but mostly that green tree night air smell (catalpa, ailanthus, silver birch, grapevine, bittersweet) which intensifies as it gets darker, the lots fill up, and people move closer to their cars.

JAMES POINTED OUT: All the orange-shirt lot attendants are men, and all the blue-shirt concession workers are women, or so it appears.

OUTSIDE THE SCOPE OF THIS INQUIRY: Last time I was there, a firefly sat on our windshield during the movie.









The Huilliche language is spoken by about 2,000 ethnic Huilliche people in Chile. It is spoken in an area south of the area inhabited by the Mapuche, in the nation's Los Lagos and Los Ríos regions and in mountain valleys between the city of Valdivia and south toward Chiloé Archipelago. Huilliche is classified by UNESCO as a "critically endangered language", meaning "the youngest speakers are grandparents and older, and they speak the language partially and infrequently". Despite this, there has been recent though dramatic uptick in Huilliche youths learning the language, as it affords them a way to talk amongst themselves in otherwise public forums like schools, shopping plazas, and social media platforms, such that their parents, teachers, bosses etc., will not be able to understand. Kids text, brag, rap, and flirt in Huilliche while thier parents are like what are you talking about (nothing) and their grandparents I have completely no idea.

As a symbolic act in the interest of anti denial of survival, for the teenagers in the Los Lagos and Los Ríos regions, and in the mountain valleys between Valdivia and south towards Chiloé Archipelago, NO GLOSSARY!

Other endangered languages seeing new life by teenagers via generation-gap cipher technique are Kapampangan in the Philippines, Huave in Mexico, Chulym in Central Siberia, and Hruso-Aka in India.

TIPS & TRICKS

YELLING AT PEOPLE FROM A CAR

It's exciting when you're in a car and you see your buddy, and it's tempting to yell something witty / mean, but... don't. To the pedestrian a complicated car-borne sentiment just sounds like "www.AAAOAIAIOAOAIOOAOAOooowwww!!!", and any garlyled transmission traveling downward through a perceived hierarchy (be it car > pedestrian or boss >/employee) will be filed as a potential threat to well-being. Even if they were able to hear you say "get a home" or whatever, if they don't recognize it's you (and why would they?) they'll never jump the sentiment from "real threat" to "ironic threat" AND even if they do recognize you, there'll be a moment of "real threat" feeling, even a second of which can lie like a stone in a stomach for hours putting pinholes in the lining. AARGH the urge to yell something mean at your buddy is so present! Humor is our greatest encoding mechanism for buddyship and/or subtle unity, the sublime expression of something being both true and untrue that requires a tender and fourth-dimensional navigation dance between sender and recipient, and simultaneously upends those categories. Bearing that in mind, a jokey tell-off without receipt of joke is just a real tell-off, which is a heavy debt. And as stated eariler, in the street, as in any natural setting, directed nonsense is basically hostility. Take it from me- a person who walks around a lot- the best way to yell at a person is to either lean waaaaaay out to be a visible phenomenon moreso than verbal, and/or yell YOUR OWN NAME. they'll be bopping down the street in their own world, and you'll yell "NGOC NGUYEN" or whatever your name is, and they'll be like, "\$\Phi\$h, I know Ngoc Nguyen, where are they? Oh, there they are, waving at me with their big beautiful face not obscured by a waving hand!". This may seem egocentric on the part of the yeller, but really it's more of an ego-destroying trip-- when someone greets you with their own name, there's more than a bit of "Which one of us am I?" in a nice way.

NAPPING

The trick to healthy napping is to not get too comfortable. Don't nap in your own bed or in total darkness or else you're really telling your body "we are going to sleep", which is not the case. Sleep on a sofa or just straight up on the floor. Take a 20 on a loveseat with your feet up if you want to nap the way ballerinas do, and doesn't part of us all want to do as ballerinas do (but not the part that deals with eating big macs and smoking cigarettes (and murder))? Also don't nap forever- naps start at 20 minutes and tap out at an 2 hours, if you're taking 3 hour naps, that's fine, but really you're talking about polyphasic sleep, which is fine but a totally different setup. Definitely drink a huge glass of water RIGHT when you get up, to re-wet your dry eyeballs and get the brain moving again. Don't take a nap such that you wake up and it's dark outside UNLESS you're a genuine baller tucking in to a disco nap. Above all, don't feel guilty for napping! 20 minute naps increase alertness and motor skills. Longer naps are better for memory. (Madeline Ray contributed to this report)

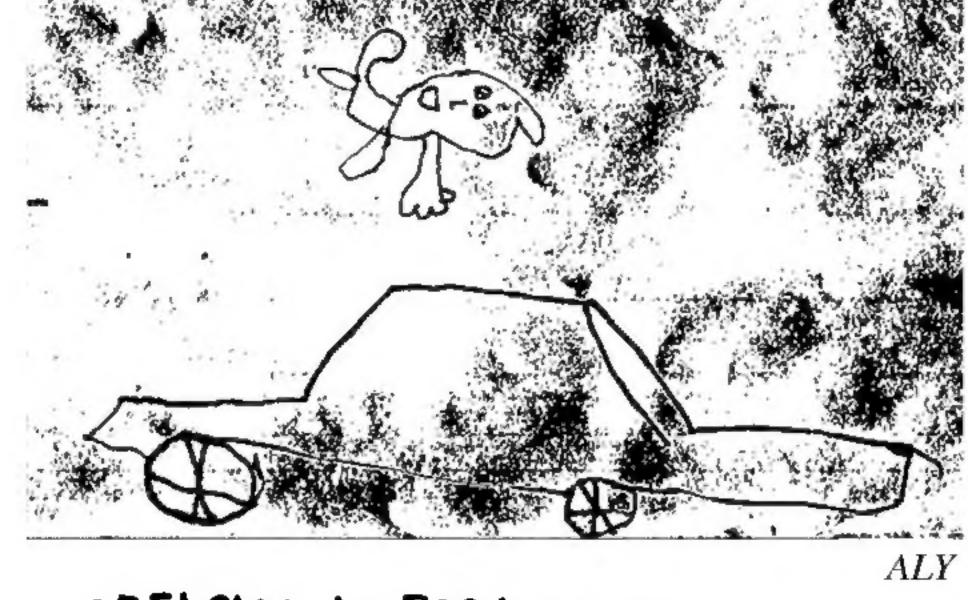
STUNG BY A JELLYFISH

If you get stung by a jellyfish, and it's at the level where peeing on it might help (AKA the owies), pee on it, or get someone to pee on it. If the situation is too drazy for "a plan just crazy enough to work", there's neither tip nor trick anyone can give you short of get saved by someone". Jellyfish are pretty legit like that. Most are whatever.

MOTHERS TOP TEN

(in no order)

- 1. HALF SHARK ALLIGATOR HALF MAN this is my codename for
- 1/2 coke 1/2 iced coffee. ok, this drink most of the time sucks, basically it's heartburn. but sometimes it's really good! and it provides the modicum of transgression that tells your inner mind "we (inner and outer mind) are going to do what we have to do today".
- 2. BUSINESS SOAP got this from Charlotte, it's called "Llama Cliente" and comes in a box where everyone's pointing off-box like "Taxi!". I took one (1) whirf and immediately a stranger handed me \$30. That's 3 10s, B! Whoever represents themselves should get LLAMA CLIENTE!
- 3. THE CROCODILE IN THE WOONASQUATUCKET even though keeping exotic pets is mostly bogus, and letting your pet "free" is bogus, I have to say "U go girl" to the crocodile spotted on the banks of the river near the supermarket. Catch a duck, bite a cop, fuck a log. Live on!
- 4. GREEN EMBERS this zine of comics made while high pretty much saved my life this month. i didn't draw it, weed makes me mega paranoid, and "drug art" is mega suspicious, but this is _the best_.
- 5. SPIDER BABY me and Satchmo and Nut Sackarino watched this one epic grey Sunday in an air conditioned chamber. This is really a great movie about unconditional love, featuring Lon Chaney Jr at his most likeable. Looks great on the DVD. Original title: Cannibal Orgy.
- 6. WALLABEES finally broke down and got some Clarks and let me tell you it is welllll worth it. Mega comfy plus "classy" and "street" AND grandpa.
- 7. STEREOLAB
- 8. RED VELVET CAKE Mrs. Zaccarino made me a red velvet cake from scratch for my birthday, it was the best cake i've ever had in my life. THANK YOU MRS ZACCARINO!!!!!
- 9. REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST by MARCEL PROUST (Vintage Books edition) this is a great softcover book, with a different feel and approach from the hardcover that came out more recently. I grant you that "In Search of Lost Time" is possibly a more elegant translation, but this book feels better in the hand, the pages fall right open, it sounds good flopping around. This is the one that I read!
- 10. COLA I started drinking soda again. A Big Gulp full of cola is like a meerschaum pipe to me- An indicator of a pause to reflect. Lately I've been drinking a mix that's 80% Coke, %10 Pepsi, 10% Dr Pepper, for psychological reasons. Cola is technically on this list twice, who cares?



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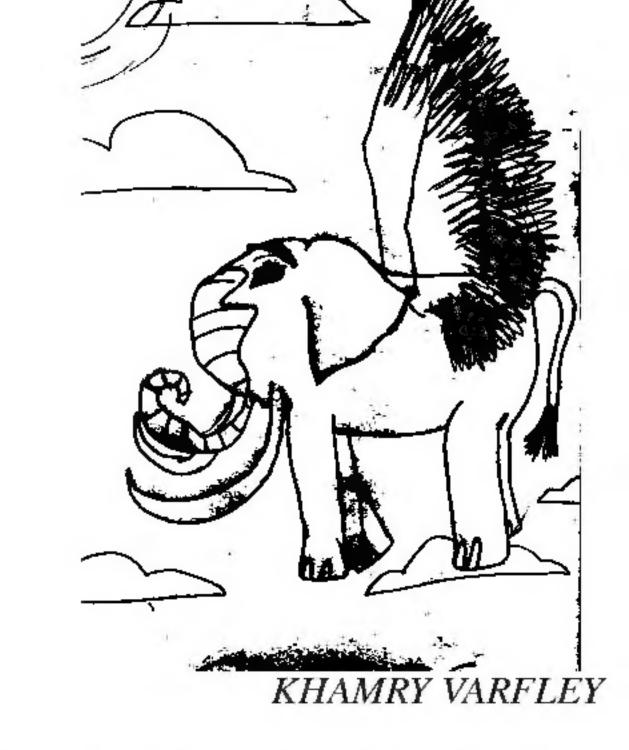
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Mothers News is overly discerning in re: contributors. We only accept submissions only in the form of previously published work. This way, when we don't want to use it, it's already been published, that's great. Send zines to the address listed above. Actually, you know what? New submissions policy: no submissions. But send zines anyway if you're bringing something to the table.



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LULSCOA Gifted with great fortitude to bear the evils afflicting another.

BAGCEBA A familiar kitchen-garden vegetable about as large and wise as a person's head.

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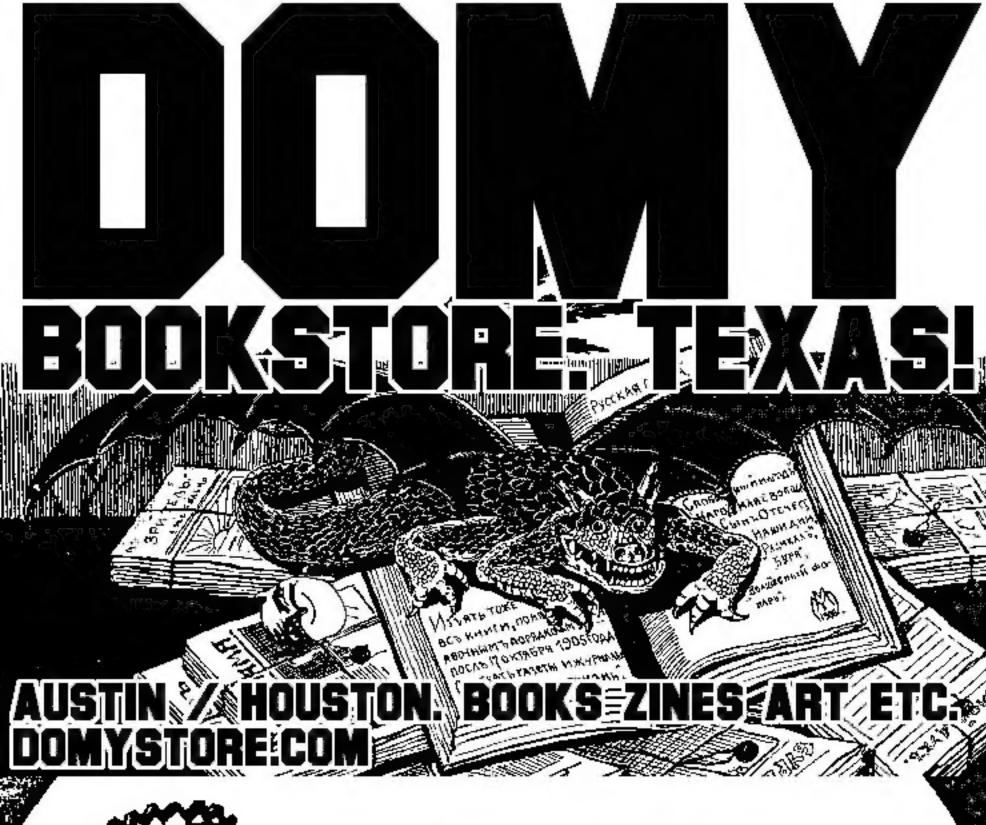
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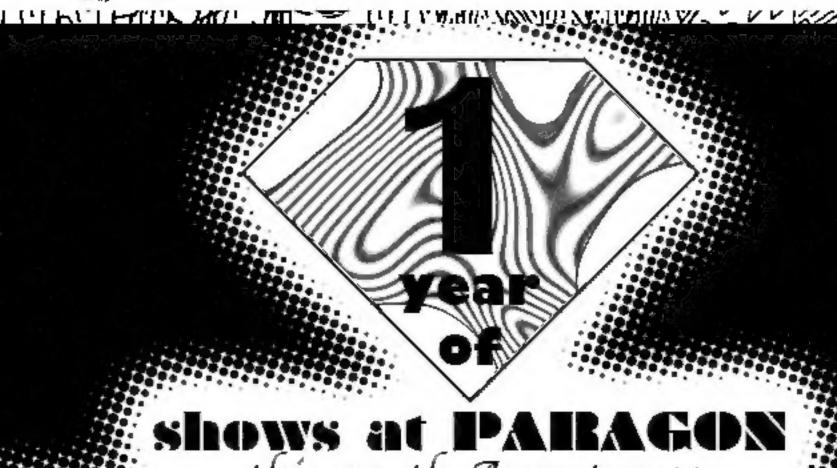
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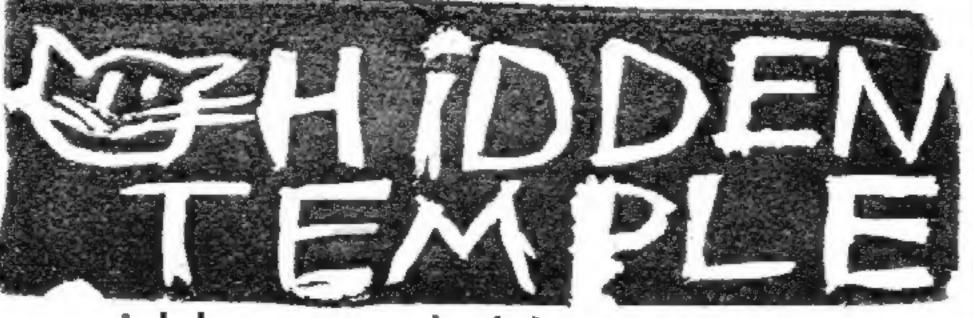




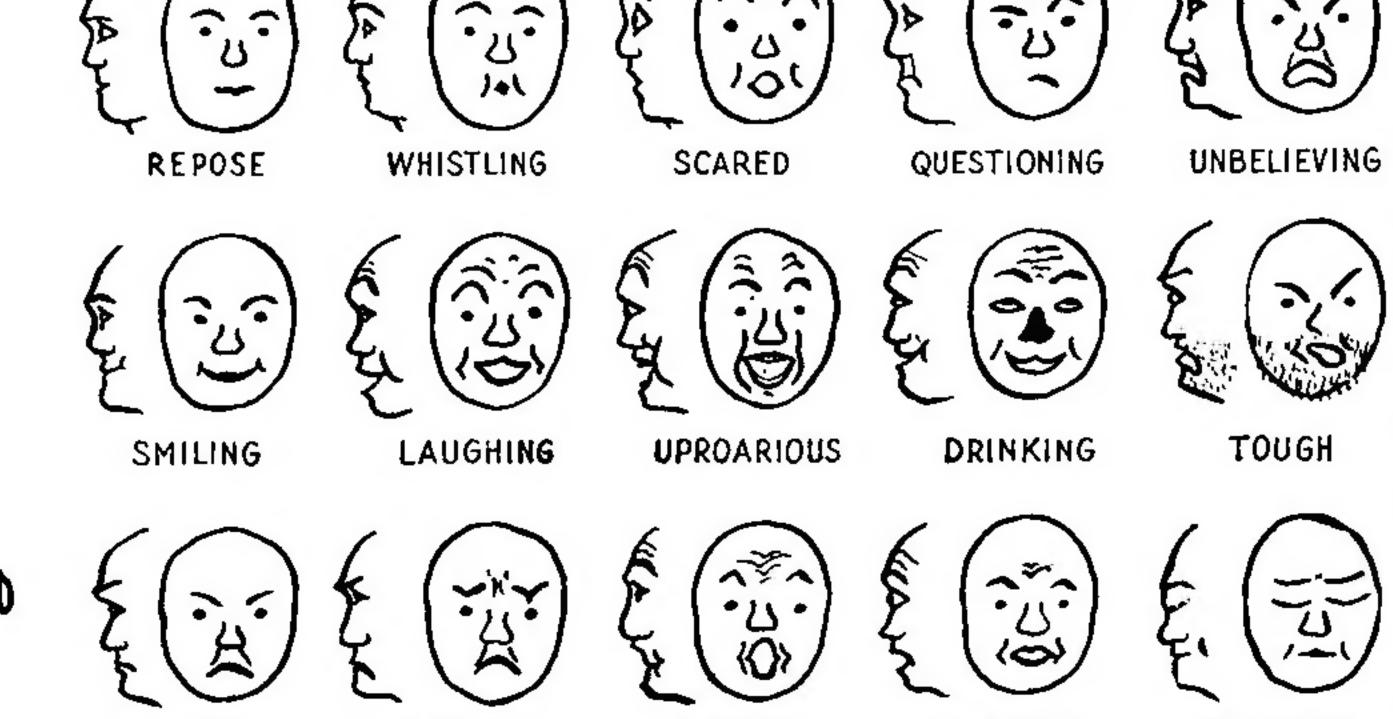
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DEAR TOMATO BREAD this month's guest: Seneca

DEAR TOMATO BREAD

Confused1576

itself alone.

TOMATO BREAD

PS to Confused8930

PS to Confused5623

PS to Confused1400

PS to Confused8930

Grow up.

Leave your house. Grow up.

if you can't parse the title "Back To The

Future", that's because you're a child and

you need to grow up. Ability to grasp the

concept of relativity is the bellweather of

adulthood in the 21st century. Grow up.

Grow up.

books? Was it never meant to be?

GLUM

ANGRY

part of my life, just as movies are for hers; I watch movies with her, should I insist she start reading

I am happy, Confused1576, in conceiving great hopes of you, both from what you write, and from what

I hear of you; it seems, you are no wanderer, nor apt to disquiet yourself in vain with change of place; a

restlessness which generally springs from some malady in the mind. The chief testimony, I apprehend,

of a mind truly calm and composed, is that it is consistent with itself, and can enjoy and pass time with

Be pleased likewise to consider that the reading of many authors, and books of all sorts, betrays a vague

friendships. This is necessarily the case of those who never set about acquiring an intimate relationship

vomited up as soon as it is eaten is not assimilated into the body and does no one any good; nothing so

much prevents the recovery of health, as a frequent change of supposed remedies. A wound is not soon

healed when different salves are tried by way of experiment. A plant thrives not, nor can well take root,

multiptude of books only gets in one's way; when you cannot read, therefore, all you have; it is enough

times", my answer will be this: tasing one dish after another is the sign of a fussy stomach, and where

amusement, still return to those as your principle study. Be continually treasuring up something to arm

when you have read sufficiently, made a reserve of some particular sentiment for that day's meditation.

Such is my own practice: of the many things I read, I generally select one for observation: for instance,

state.". Now I cannot conceive, how that state can be called poor, which is honorable. The person whose

poverty sits easy upon him, is rich. Not they that have little, but those who desireth more, are poor. For

what they have already got, but what they might get? Do you ask me, what I take to be the proper limit

of wealth? I will tell you:-- first, having what is essential, and second, having what is enough. Farewell.

to-day I have been reading Epicurus: (for you must know I sometimes make an excursion into the

enemy's camp, not by way of deserter, but as a spy;) "chearful poverty", says he, "is an honorable

you against poverty, something against the fear of death and other the like evils, incident to life. And

therefore always the well-tried authors, and if you are pleased at any time to taste others, by way of

and unsteady disposition. You must attach yourself to some in particular, and thoroughly digest what

you read, if you would entrust the faithful memory with any thing of use. Who is everywhere, is

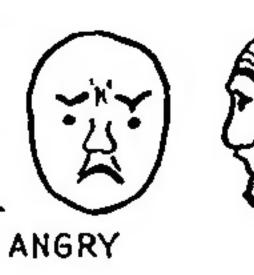
nowhere. They who spend their time in traveling, meet indeed with much hospitality, but few real

with any one great writer, but skip from one to another, paying flying visits to them all. Food that is

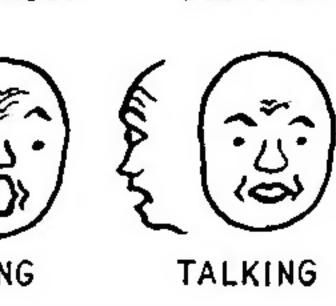
that is moved from place to place. What profits only accidentally, in passing, is of little Use. A

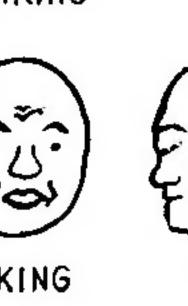
to have only what you can read. And if you say "but i feel like opening different books at different

the foods are manifold and varied, they lead to contamination of the system, not nutrition. Read









SLEEPING My girlfriend calls me a bookworm because I'm always reading, and she never reads. Books are a big

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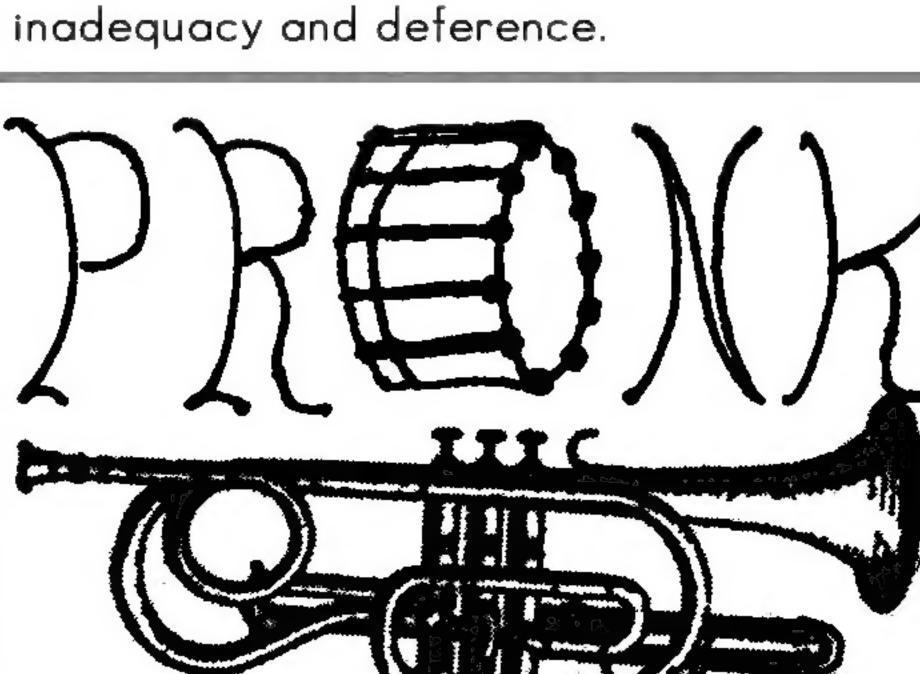
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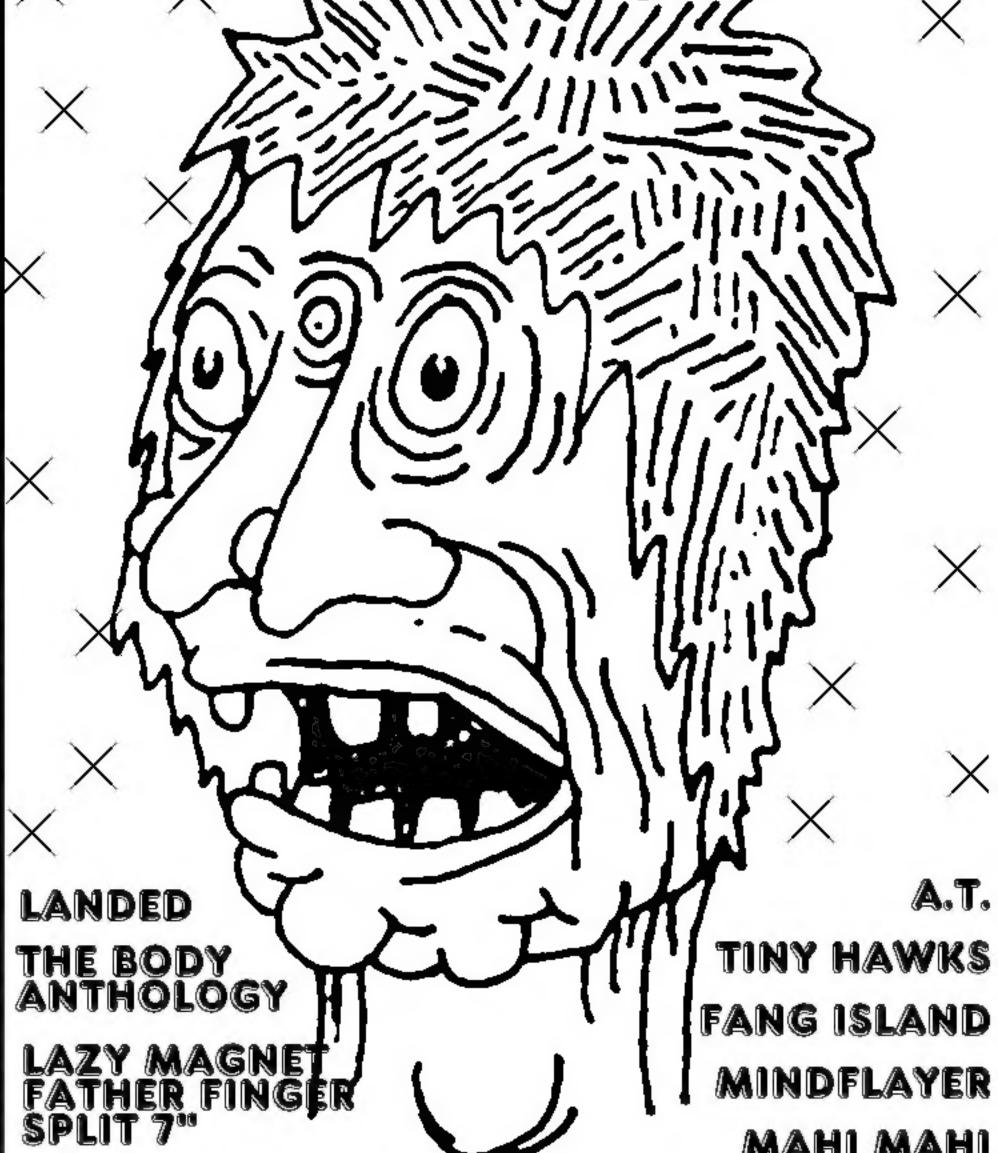


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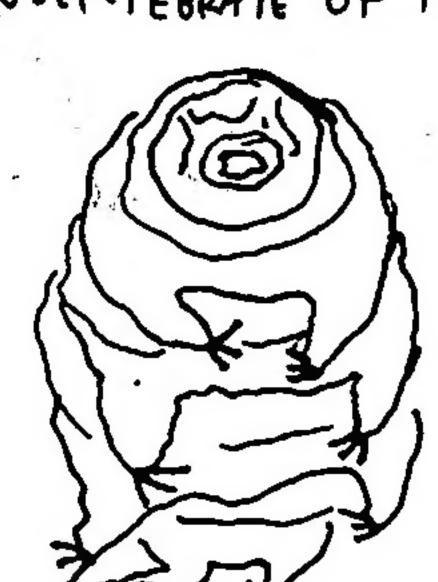
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MAHI MAHI

Colin Langenus

what avails it, how much one hath in their chest, or in their barn; what stock they have in the filed, or what money at interest; if they are still hankering after another's wealth: if they are ever counting, not

> TINTO'S INVERTEBRATE OF THE MONTH



August : tardigrades also known as: water bears, moss piglets

these cuddly guys can survive:

-a total vacuum

-1200x atmospheric pressure -being boiled at 300° fahrenheit

-being frozen at 1 Kelvin (a degree away from the physically unachievable lower limit of temperature) -total dehydration

-UV irradiation

water bears have been shot into outer space. came back and made some totally normal babies

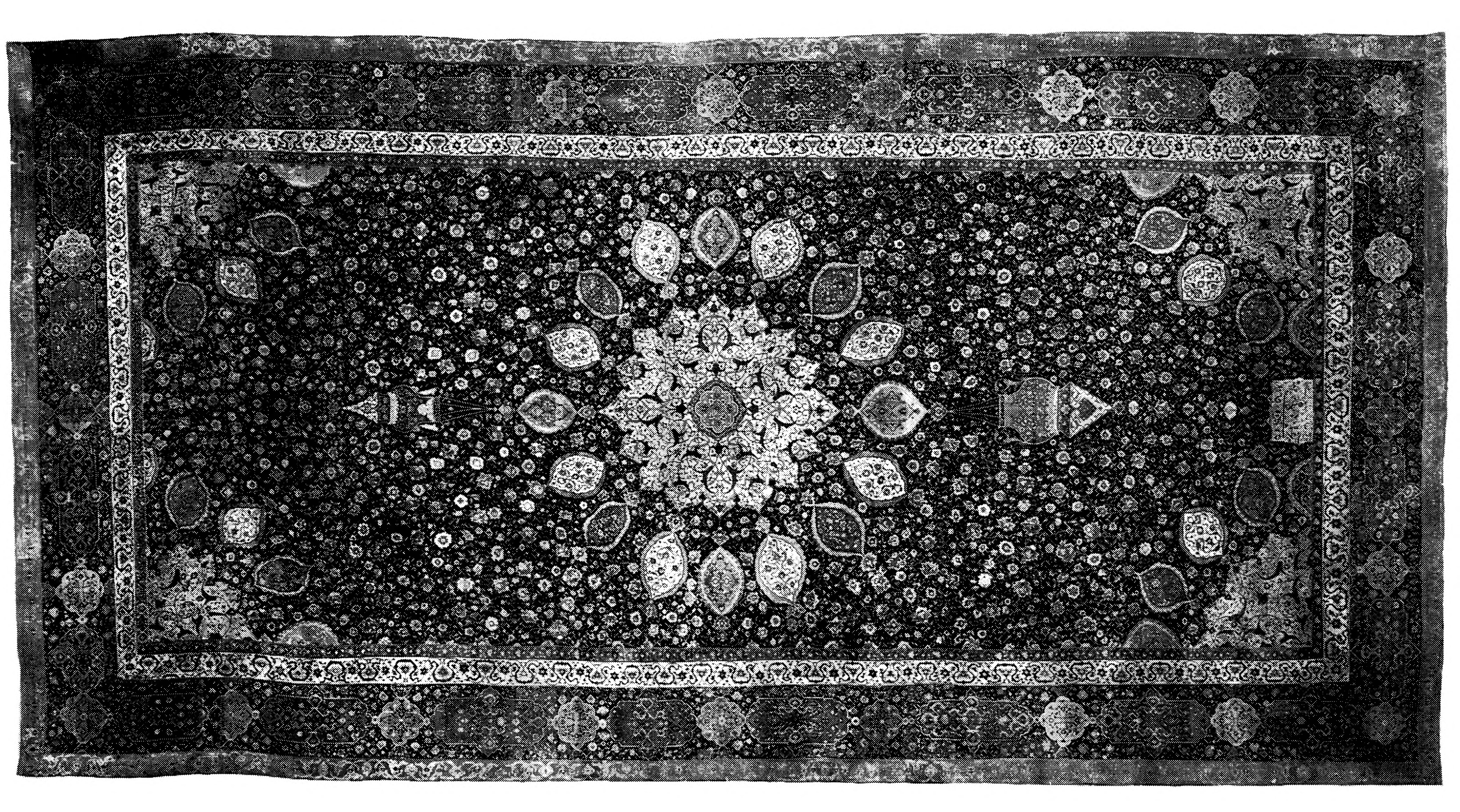
found pretty much everywhere, the tops of mountains, the bottom of the sea, fresh water, salt, whatever! if you want to hang with some, go grab a piece of moss and soak it in a bowl of water. after a couple of hours, check the bowl for adorable clumsy little muffins bumbling around and being mind-bogglingly indestructible, 0.25 millimeters (this is roughly the same thickness as 2 pieces of standard copier paper).



SAKIKO MORI SOURCE WALL 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15

SOURCE WALL is a randomly generated table of 144 alphabetic characters. There are many different ways to use such a table- you could use it to select a random password, you could use it to create a month-long cipher solvable only by others with access to this issue of Mothers News (http://tinyurl.com/ B12 II1 L1 B3 G10), you could search for words and nearwords that may be relevant to your life, you can use it to select a new name-- there are literally infinite methods of use. For disbelievers in astrology who see the benefit of being guided by a truly random block of text assigned to a specific time period, SOURCE WALL may prove especially useful.

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"The Sensitive Saints"

"Well, I have been crying so much that my eyes are Sore, so I can't see Very Far Out to sea."

"Brendan's such a sensitive child ... too much." "Like me." Predestination of boys is for the family; within a boy, all the boys it would be better for him to be remain the same.

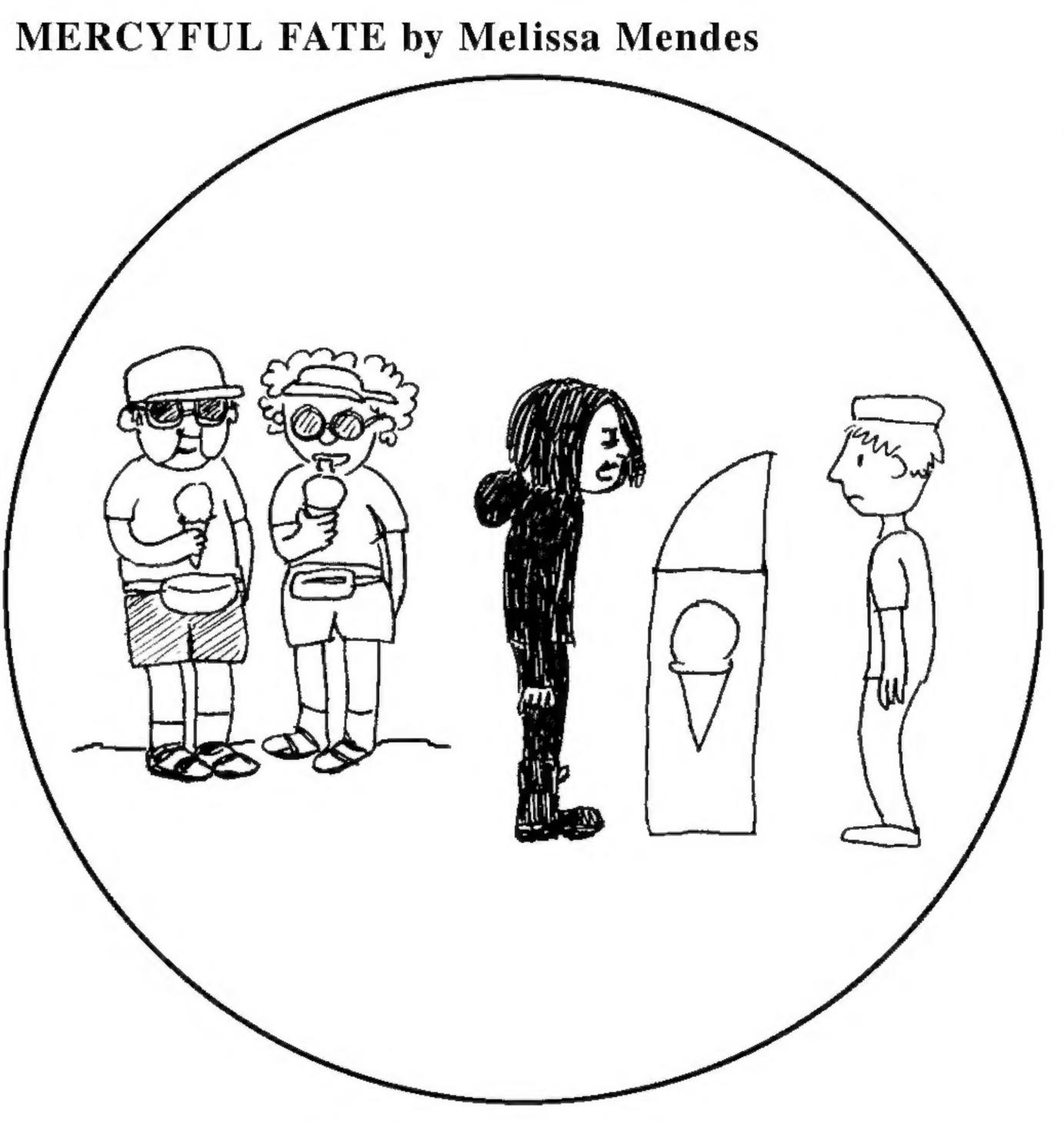
Feared for, cared for. How he may expect to be spoken of and deflate, later.

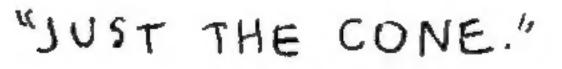
Capitals become manhood, manhoods become sentences.

Kate Schapira's THE SAINT is an examination of Saints and Saintliness, told one saint at a time, a different saint each month. No pictures on purpose!

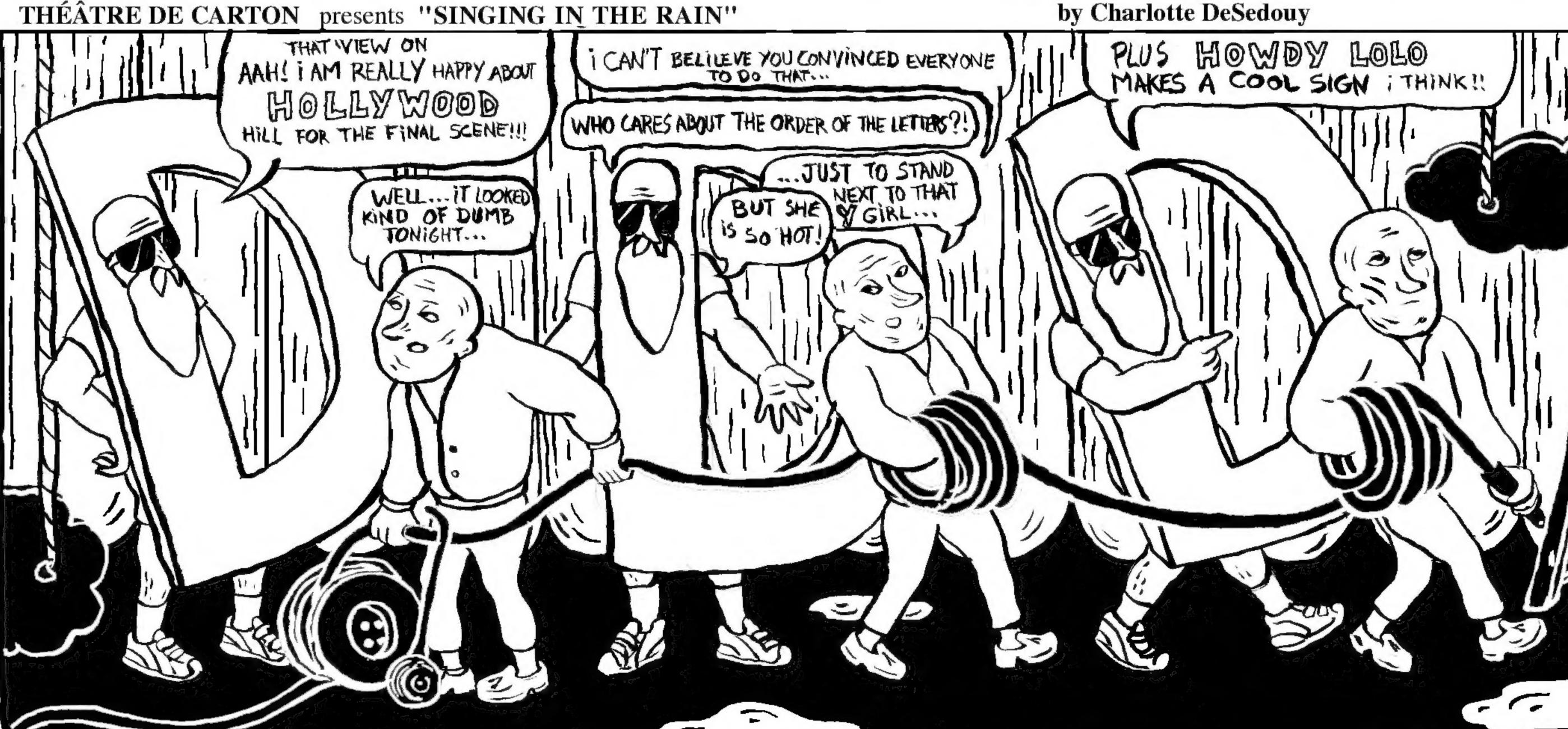
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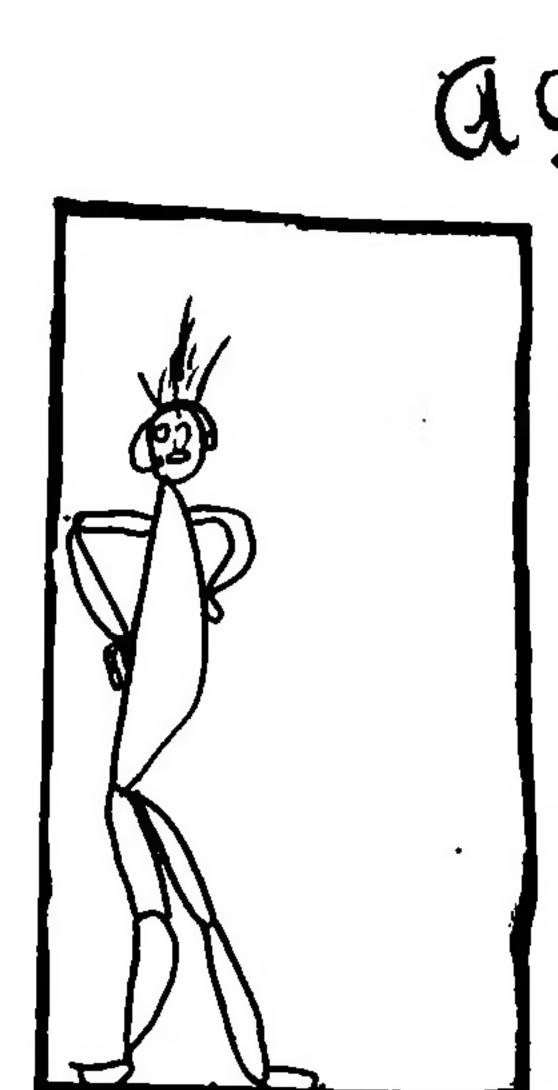






NEW CHARACTER

by the students of Walker Mettling & Andrew Oesch's comics class



name: Astro D height: 4' weight: 58 lbs. powers/abilities: Space Blast weaknesses: Nothing wants: Nothing fears: Nothing precious objects: Water proof Computer occupation: Going in Space partners: Satelite

enemies: Giant Robot

origin story: He swallowed space lite. Dakarai was in the Park, he did a backflip off the slide. He was yelling and then he's like "HHMMMM..." and space lite came flying into his mouth. He Fell down, he's spinning like a billion times, and he turns into Astro D.

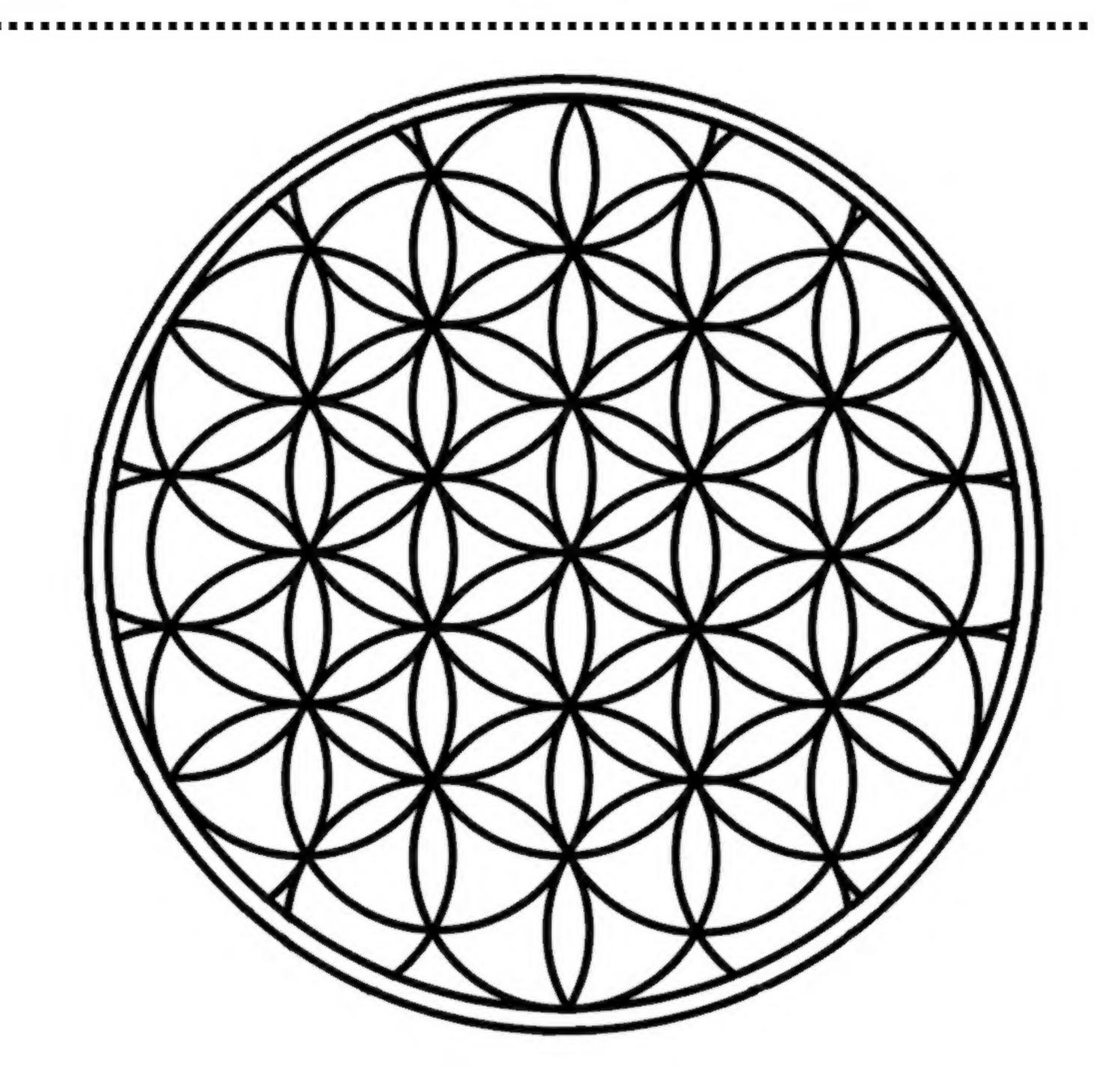


STANDARD STOPPAGE // VISIBLE RENDERING Line-O-graph

Trace this line onto a separate piece of paper and use it to make a new (not huge) drawing! Send a copy (or the original) to:

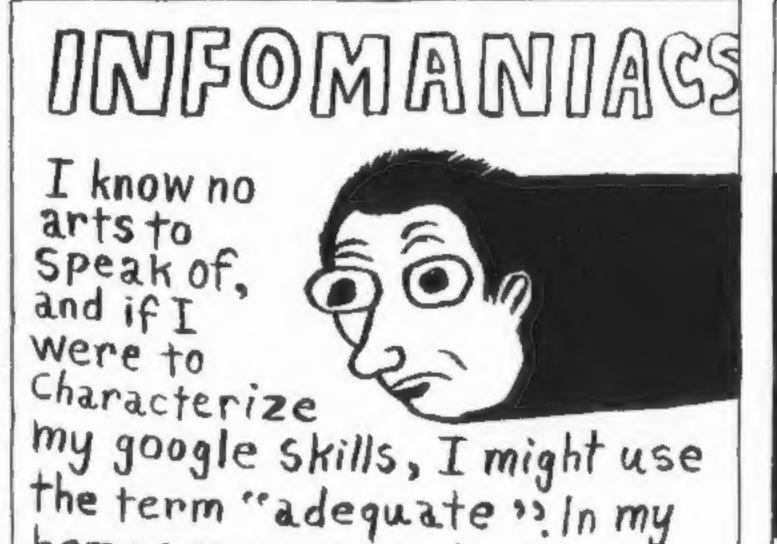
Mothers News c/o Rhododendron Festival PO Box 29081 Providence RI 02909

The best drawings will be printed (in black and white) along with your name in the next issue!



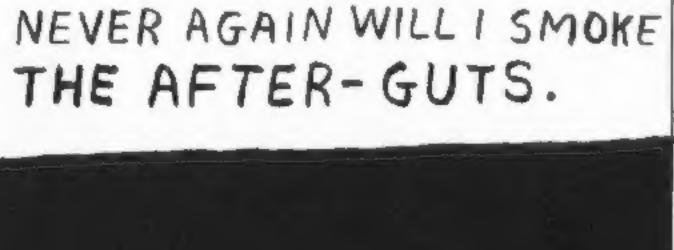


INFOMANIACS by MATTHEW THURBER

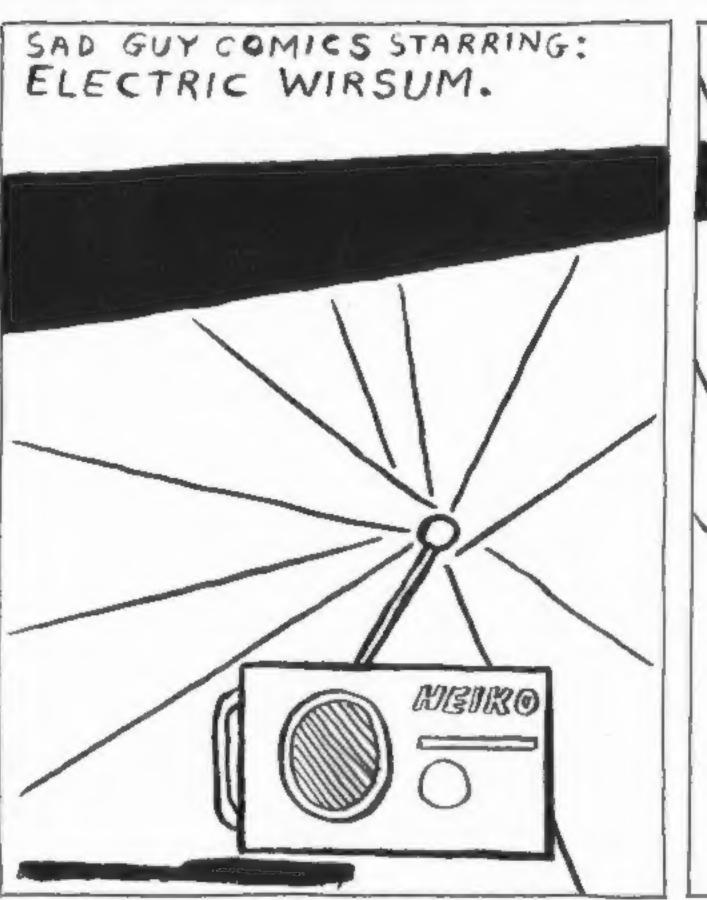


the term "adequate " In my home now are blinding rays of light, a sunset on ice. Wiki-whiskey

MILF REMOVAL

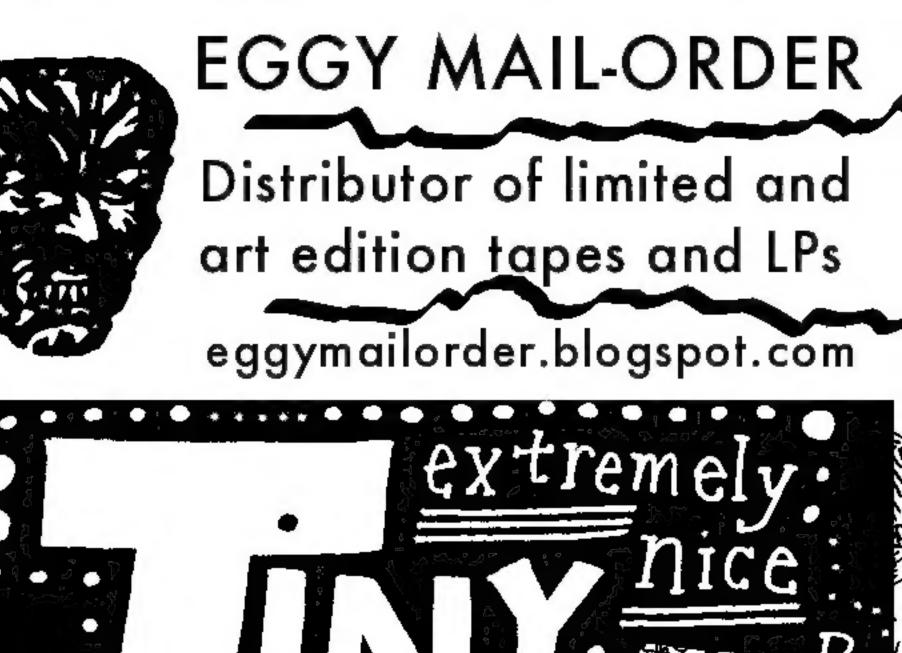








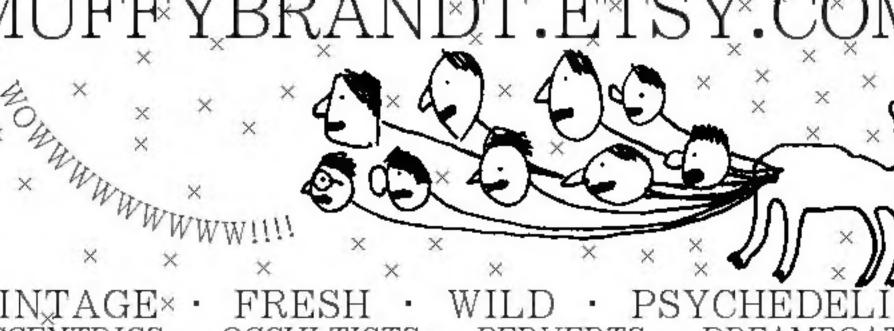
and it runs on beer.





I'M YOUNG AND I LOVE TO BE YOUNG I'M FREE AND I LOVE TO BE FREE

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7.23.11



FIND THE BATMAN!!!!!!

CAN YOU FIND THE BATMAN? HE IS HIDDEN SOMEWHERE IN THE ADVERTISING SECTION(S) OF THIS NEWSPAPER!

WIN A PRIZE!!!!!!

send a postcard detailing Batman's whereabouts to THIS NEWSPAPER- win a special badge (different one each month). only mailed-in entries will be counted! must be postmarked AUGUST!!!



SHOUTOUTS

Happy Bday, G'ma Weez! Re: AnnaGram-keep trying, maybe it'll take. Jokes get funnier, right?! Lots of love, MERV

GET YR SHOUTOUT IN FOR SEPT. MOTHERSNEWS.NET \$3 100 CHARACTERS POSITIVITY ONLY

PSSST! Mother's Good Word this month is "IMBRICATE". If anyone asks you for "Mother's Good Word", that's what it is. And if you need a semi-public password for any reason, and you need it to expire in a month, please use Mothers Good Word.

HI AGAIN... this keeps happening. Gossip zone... KYLIE FROM TAMPA seen at SOFT TAP leading a dixieland jazz ensemble while everyone got slizzy on tubed bevs... was it good? i couldn't say... too slizzed... the next day i reached in my pocket and found 10 of the same playing card- different backs... DAN SHEA just got married, word on the street is that he did it just to start conversations with "my old lady...". Pretty tricky.... Speaking of tricky, JEFF HARTFORD finally got those two twisted nails apart, congratulations! I remember when he bought that twisted nail puzzle in Belfast Maine... What a long strange trip huh, bro? D.A.R.Y.L. SEAVR's new band with JERMARRIS is pretty sick, whenever something goes wrong they scream real loud but like, in a very fresh something-goes-wrong-and-you-scream kind of way! i was really digging it!! Sources close to this reporter have told me that TRAVIS FRISTOE, coming to Naples to buy horses, in one night was overtaken with three grievous accidents, but escapeth them all and returneth home with a ruby... Actually that's not true, I cribbed that from the pages of THE DECAMERON. Uh, let's try another one... DYLAN GOING hath feigneth himself dumb and becometh a gardener to a convent of women, who all flock to lie with him... no, let's go back to regular style... ALLY DENTIG stole a dead bat from a snake near the zoo... ahh, that's nice... JOAN WYNOT is going on dates... every saturday night... sure... Hey, notable playwright RIG ROYGER is trying to market a sauce he invented (that was pretty much my idea) that's halfway inbetween Catsup and Buffalo- he wants to call it Catsalo and put a picture of one of his cats on the bottle. I say he should call it Bup, and put this fucking guy on the We had... a pretty heated debate about this... Possible compromise: my name, his cat, but then which cat-Marshall Blonsky or R. R. Rockingham Gill? Or maybe my guy in a third quarter reversal? This could be the next 1000 Island Dressing, folks, so thoughtful consideration is required- Write your vote on a dollar and send it to this newspaper... Ay this reporter checked in with default Mayor of Barf City Robert Pickle, we asked him what he's working on. He said he doesn't put cream in his coffee anymore he puts ICE CREAM. **CHOCOLATE** ICE CREAM. I tried it but the coffee was already iced, and the ice cream and the ice touched in a way that grossed me out in a way that I cannot understand... I can't crease RP Da Mayor, though- dude has the game zzzzzzzipped! ...This just in... or anyway, "This in": MARIEL OLIVIEIRA has been commissioned to sculpt the gargoyles for a local production of Hunchback of Notre Dame... So if you see her give her a real scrunched up gargoyle face, some real face yoga... That's what she wants people to do I think... Hey good news everyone- IAN COZZENS finally found his damn hat! It was under the couch. Wait, I mean it was hidden under a bar of soap! OK, it was just under the couch... It's like I always say, "Seek and Ye Shall Find", or in the words of the poet (LEONARD RICHARDSON), "Require, Select, then Indicate".

BARF CITY SAYS FARE THEE WELL TO: ALEE PEOPLES, MIKE STOLTZ, JO DERY, ART MIDDLETON, TINTO, K.WALLY, COLEEN "GET DOWN" TUITE, DUNBAR... GOOD LUCK!!!!

CORRECTIONS

In last month's AMBROSE BIERCE MEMORIAL WORD JUMBLE, we said "they has" rather than "they have". This was a typo- even when singular, the neutral pronoun "they" takes a plural verb, similar to "you", which goes "you have" not "you has". Again, this was a hand

people that took the ads out of Jackie H Curtiss.

mistake, not a brain mistake, but given recent pronoun renovations, we thought that a clarification was necessary. **IMAGE ATTRIBUTION** Machines With Magnets ad drawn by Jo Dery; Chip King ad drawn by Charlotte DeSedouy; Corleone ad drawn by Mike Leslie; White Electric ad drawn by Ian Cozzens; Picturebox, Small Point Cafe, and Muffy ad drawn by Jackie H Curtiss. all other ads designed by the

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RIP CY TWOMBLY, AMY WINEHOUSE, TAIJI SAWADA (X JAPAN, LOUDNESS), WÜRZEL (MOTORHEAD), LEN SASSAMAN, EUGENE MCDANIELS

